

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once when in an angry parle
He smote the fleaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes.
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the Land,
And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine Mart for Implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose fore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweatie haste
Doth make the night ioint labour with the day,
Who ist that can informe me?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a scald compact
Well ratified by Law and Heraldrie
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands,
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,

Had

Prince of Denmark

Had he bin vanquisher; as by the
And carriage of the Articles defin'd
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, yong
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* her
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolu
For food and diet to some enterpr
That hath a stomake in't, which
As it doth well appeare vnto our
But to recouer of vs by strong ha
And tearmes compulsatory, tho
So by his father lost; and this I
Is the maine motiue of our prep
The source of this our watch, an
Of this post-haste and romeage i

Bar. I thinke it be no other b
Well may it sort that this porten
Comes armed through our wat
That was and is the question of

Hora. A mote it is to trouble
In the most high and palmy state
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fe
The graues stood tenantlesse, an
Did squeake and gibber in the A
As starres with traines of fire, an
Disasters in the Sun; and the mo
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes*
Was sick almost to Doomesday
And euen the like precurse of fier
As Harbingers preceding still th
And Prologue to the *Omen* com
Haue Heauen and Earth togethe
Vnto our Climatures and Count

Enter G

But soft, behold, lo where it con